SCANDAL EDITION

Muddlebury Vampus

WALLPAPER SECTION

VOL. XXI — MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, MIDDLEBURY, VT., FEBRUARY 4, 1925 — No. 15

Dean Wiley Exhausted From Spree

Registrar Victim of Kidnappers

Jennie Bristol Owes Life to Economics Professor

GARDNER WILLIAMS PERFORMS RESCUE

Hero Jumps Into Ice Waters of Otter Creek from Bridge

One of the weirdest and most gruesome tales ever told came today from the lips of a young and beautiful woman as she lay in the isolation ward of the Porter Hospital. While a Vampus reporter stood by taking her every word in shorthand, Miss Jennie Hannah Bristol, 23, charming young registrar of Middlebury College related the details of her horrible experience in the hands of gang of desperate kidnappers. She frankly admits that she owes her life to Professor Gardner H. Williams who with dauntless courage and untiring toil solved the mystery that had baffled detectives for five days. Her story follws:

"Last Thursday evening I found it necessary to work a little later than usual on account of the extra work in tabulating examination marks. I dismissed my corps of assistants promptly at five o'clock and from then until five twenty I was alone except of the occasional entrance of Mr. Farrell whose custom it was to come in and inspect the radiator every fifteen minutes. Farrell came a ta quarter past five and left immediately. That was the last I saw of him. About five minutes later I was about ready to close up when a knock sounded at the door. Thinking it strange that anyone should knock I cried out "come in" but as no one came I opened the door. I had hardly got the door ajar before two hairy hands were thrust in and a dirty bag was brought down over my head. I could not squirm, I could not yell. It was terrible. The arms seized me and pulled me thru the door. Just what took place from then I cannot be sure. I was thrown into an automobile and driven for about five minutes over a bumpy road. Then I was ifted out of the car and placed in what I believe was a canoe. Here the bag was tied more securely about my head and

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Otter Creek—Scene of Dastardly Attempt at Kidnapping. X Marks Spot Where Body Was Found

SKILLINGS SCOFFS AT LITERATURE

Praises Athletics as Most Valuable Training Possible for Collegians

Middlebury's campaign for the new million dollar gymnasium fund was ushered in with great enthusiasm at a meeting of the Undergraduate Association in McCullough Gymnasium last evening. In a rally overflowing with Middlebury pep and spirit Coach Morey, Professors Brown, Harrington, and Skillings raised the spirit of enthusiasm to its highest peake by stirring speeches that recalled the college's past record in intercollegiate athletics. The spech of Professor Everett Skillings of the English department was undoubtedly the gem of the evening and did much to further the successful launching of the campaign. We quote his speech in full.

"Athletics constitute undoubtedly the supreme force for moral, esthetic, and cultural uplift in the world today. To the Greek and Latin literature we may perhaps owe some slight scraps of value. Ancient Egypt and Crete did their best to contribute to our civilization. Chaucer and Merry England—especially through the influence of Oxford University—have served as factors in making us what we are to day, but I unhesitatingly assert that should we lose our Homer and our Virgil, should Tutankhamen be agin forgotten, should Canterbury tales become only a myth their loss would be of unsignificant importance compared with the contribuaion of organized athletics. Physical perfection should be the aim of a good college. Athletic prowess should be placed above all else The world has been to prone to neglect the body for the mind. We have gone too far to one extreme and we must now seek the other. I remember well my student days at Oxford—a most pleasant place I may venture to add by the way—there are old antiquated idea of culture is at its height. It is in many ways a fine tradition that Oxford strives to maintain but in one thing she is sadly lacking, that is in American pep and go. If she would sell her library and build a stadium and de-

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Last Minute Special Wire

Just as we were going to press, we received word that three armed special police deputies are in route here from New York with warrants for the arrest of Roland R. Shepardson. It was learned that he is implicated in an internatoinal bank robbery. He will probably be taken into custody tonight.

RUMOR SAYS DRIFT COVERS THREE PROFS

Farrell and Staff Madly Dig in Mammoth Snow-Drift Seeking Williams

BULLETIN

Hepburn, Hall, Feb. 4, 4:30 P. M.—Farrell's snow shovelers reached the end of their work ten hours ahead of schedule time and found the cold and lifeless bodies of Professors Perrin, W. E. Davison, and B. B. Corsen lyin stiff and stark upon the ground.

It has been whispered among those who are said to know that the large snow-drift in front of Hepburn Hall covers the bodies of three of the most well known professors at Middlebury who have been missing since the heavy snow storm of last Thursday night. A Vampus reporter by ceaseless and untiring work has established the fact that three of the most unsuccessful professors on the faculty, maritally spaking, are known to have gathered at a trysting place behind the heating plant at a late hour that evening. Fritz Weiner, the well-known scientist, reports that at midnight as he was returning home from an expedition to Porter Field where he had watched the stars all evening thru his patented folding telescope, he saw three shadowy figures slinking from bush to bush in the shrubbery which encircles the brain-factory on the Hill. He could not observe them distinctly as they were at some little distance from him and the snow was falling furiously but he feels sure that one of them had a glass cutter in his right rear pocket while another had some sort of a pick in his hand, Weiner believes it to have been a toothpick, and the third had a pen knife in his vest pocket. Weiner thought little of it however, for little things like that don't bother him and he proceeded to his couch of rest on the third floor.

Other witnesses, whose names are withheld from the press, report that these three figures, approached a point directly under Miss Bowles' window and produced tools, seeming to be intent upon prying open the window. However, just then the storm of cigarette buts and tinfoil candy wrappings which continually pours forth from the windows of Hepburn, increased in in-

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INTREPID EXPLORER RETURNS FROM MOON

Bryant Alights on Lower Campus, Having Staged Successful Eclipse

Hailed with shrieks of joy, cheered to a standstill, and acclaimed as the greatest hero science has ever known, Professor Ernest C. Bryant, head of the department of Physics at Middlebury College returned to this planet yesterday afternoon. Throngs of stulents had gathered on the lower campus to greet the astronomical wizard on his return from the moon where he has been for the last two weeks. Professor Bryant had set his time of return at three o'clock and it was just one minute before the hour when a black speck became visible to the waiting thousands. It approached rapidly out of the ether and just as the last stroke of three sounded, the giant dirigible settled to the ground and the entrepid explorer appeared on the bridge of the airship and bowed in acquiescence to his awestricken admirers. While the Middlebury band played "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes," Prof. Bryant climbed down the ladder to grasp in warm affection the outstretched hand of Fritz Weiner, chosen by unanimous vote to represent the student body. Photographers of the Vampus staff rushed up to take the great man's picture but so dense was the mob of affectionate students surrounding the professor that they were unable to reach his side.

Dr. Bryant left Middlebury two weeks ago for the moon where he was in charge of the production of the recent eclipse. Although he bashfully refuses to admit the fact, it was his untiring effort and masterful brain that was responsible for the staging of so successful an eclipse. When beseechel by Vampus representatives to make a public statement, the great man simply smiled in that way that has endeared him to Middlebury men and women, and said, "Tut, tut, I assure you it was nothing at all. I must hasten home to correct those physic exams."

Students Observe Groundhogs

Candlemas Day, Monday, February 2, was observed by the college as a holiday in order that students might be posted at every ground-hog hole in Addison County to make sure whether that little animal really did see his shalow. Reports from the entire county tabulated by Professor 'Barney' and released last night show that from the 559 holes which were observed, only 27 chucks appeared and of these only seven successfully saw their shadow. It is reported that all 27 returned to their sots for six weeks more of undisturbed snoozing.

Richard T. Calef, '24, has been made an assistant professor of gymnastic teaching at the International Correspondence schools.

College Dignitary Confined to Bed After Trip to Montreal

"MA" MASON SENDS MONEY FOR BAIL

Many Blanks and Periods of Coma Mark "Big Time"

Dean Edgar J. Wiley, who has been confined to his bed since last Sunday night suffering from nervous prostration and lapsus digniteris, is now sufficiently recovered to take small quantities of malted milk greatly diluted with water. The Dean's recent alarming illness is the result of an illfated excursion taken by him on Friday last to Montreal. This, it has since developed, was but the last of a series of such trips, rumors of which have been current on the campus for some time.

Dean Wiley, with his customary foresight first conceived the idea of this excursion early last December as a period of recreation following his strenuous duties of examination week. The source of his financial backing of the trip is still shrouded in mystery but rumor has it that a considerable percentage of the proceeds from Golden Rule Sunday of December 7, never reached the Near East Relief

As Mrs. Wiley's ideas on the subject of intoxicating liquors are well known the method by which he absented himself from the domestic circle, while decidedly irregular, may be excused on the grounds of necessity. On Thursday evening, January 29, he was seen to purchase paregoric at Frost's and when pressed for his reasons for buying in such quantities, said it was to rid his house of bedbugs. While his voice had a suspicious ring in it, noticeable even then, the knowledge of the Dean's eccentricities together with the current knowledge of the infested condition of his home allayed suspicion. On Friday morning the Dean descended quietly to the kitchen at about two A. M. and mixed the paregoric with the oatmeal prepared for his child's breakfast.—To such lengths will unrestrained passion drive a man—. At eight A. M. he departed for the college without rousing suspicion, as it his invariable rule to be the first official of the college at his desk. At eight-thirty the telephone rang and his presence was demanded at home because of alarming symptoms of the child. The Dean, through Miss Walker, excused himself on the grounds of an immediate consultation with a new vocational lecture, Mr. I. M. Slick who speaks on "Gambling—A Lucrative Career for the College Graduate." The Dean advised Mrs. Wiley to take the child to Rutland at once and said that he would follow as soon as routine affairs would permit. Mrs. Wiley, frantic and unsuspecting her husband's perfidy immediately set out for the Marble Town and the Dean twenty minutes later stepped on the train for Burlington and Points north.

From this point the story of the Dean has to tell is confused and his wanderings are largely a mater of conjecture. Upon crossing the Canadian line liquors were brought aboard and in a few minutes the Dean was in a

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Middlebury Campus

Formerly The Undergraduate Founded in 1830

Members of the Eastern Intercollegiate Newspaper Association

Published every Wednesday of the college year excepting holidays observed by the college.

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DEADITORIAL CHAFF

A. Audible Bark, '26, Head Hokum
Darnice L. Dutchison, '25, Ass. Hokum

Snooze Creditors

James H. Spatson, '26 Elizabreath A. Harwood, '26

Insistent Creditors

Hotpen C. McSoft, '26 Evervigilant S. Peachey, '25
Keenedge W. Cutlery, '27 Charlotte Russe, '26

Snorts Creditor, Lord Chesterfield Harrassed, '26

THE BOOZENESS CHAFF

Eugene V. Debs, '26, Booze Meneger
Ione The Bellows, '25, Dissociated Booze Meneger

Sadvertising High Mogul — O. Milton Egad, '26
Percolation Direktor — Dirt E. Deed, '25

Insistent Boozy Damangers

Deadwood S. Pickaxe, '26 Dumbell C. Northernland, '25
Johnny VanBasshorn, '26 So. Carolina B. Cornedtongue, '25

Miserer

Jawn A. Ditcher, '87

Conscription Price 2 Marks per anuum

Insistent Creditors for this Issue
Philip Space
Max Nodifference

VOL. 2 cu. cc. Febru airy thoid, 1925 No. Please

BLAH!

Well, here it is, folks. Step right up and read it. The VAMPUS scandal artists have spent many hours gathering the incriminating evidence that is presented in our gory pages. Never have such revelations of the private life of a staid New England college faculty and students been given to the cruel and vicious scandal-lovers who take our humble bit of journalism each week!

While we assume the attitude of the fond parent who while administering that which duty demands, remarks: "This hurts me more than it does you!", we must satisfy the morbid curiosity at how the other half besaves. We ask with you, What is all about? Can it be that a week of examinations can have such an effect upon the mentality of a group of serious scribblers, who scratch their stubby pens across reams of foolscap each week that future classes may learn what kept the college amused, irritated, busy, some several generations before them? Have the younger generation no respect for one's position, age, dignity and standing in the community, to ruthlessly draw the curtain and reveal the escapades and recreations of those who make it possible for several million sheep to be killed and skinned each June? And what is the answer to this stupendous question? We repeat: What can the answer be?

Last week there was something which made it impossible to put out an issue. We faintly recall that we were busy doing something else. Can any bright little boy or girl tell us what kept us occupied six hours a day at crampy little one-armed chairs and hateful little tables? That dear little imp with the red hair and cauliflower ears over there may answer. Right you are, my son! It was the celebration of "Judgment Week" —when all the instructors abide by their Sunday school lesson: "To him that hath (good grades) shall be given (a passing mark), and to him that hath not (good grades) shall be taken away (all credit)." We will now all give thanks that such troublous times come but twice a year.

What we would like to know is to which of the several members of the faculty shall we give the credit for the unexpected, but much deserved vacation enjoyed by the students Monday? And will somebody be kind enough to tell us why they always manage to pick a day when it either rains or snows so that we couldn't do anything if we wanted to?

Spring will soon be here. Yes, it will! And then all the good little boys and girls can go home and see poopa and momma again. And so can all the bad little boys and girls for all we care!!

HELP!

We are in danger of losing our lives! Yessir, in terrible danger in fact, for we know of one person that is already preparing his weapons, has blood in his eye and will not be content until he has done some dire deed. Seventeen of us are shaking from head to heel and we are afraid of what may happen to us. Maybe we can get some brave, strong person to protect us. Perhaps Professor Williams having turned in one good deed will come forward and unselfishly offer himself again for the good of suffering humanity. Maybe we can hide ourselves in a big snowbank and when the danger has passed over, Billy Farrell and his cohorts will dig us out. Then again, maybe Professor Kingsley can devise another world-beating system which will guarantee our protection and safety. Of course, we could run off to Montreal on a spree and probably get in such condition that he couldn't come back if we wanted to and they wouldn't take us back anyhow. But we don't want to do that for we have already seen how disastrously such attempts may turn out. The fact is we just don't know what to do. Perhaps some of our readers can come through with some illumination on a possible course of action but if they do they must make it fast for we haven't much time to spare. A foul deed may be perpetrated at any moment. One never knows.

Well, the big trouble is this: seventeen of us (alliasses above, names furnished on request) decided that we would let loose for one: and give all the knowledge concerning well-known personages around here, that was available. We already knew a lot of it, things that the ordinary person would never suspect. We sent our reporters scouring far and wide and gathered more information. It was really startling some of the things we found out. At last we got it all gathered together, some most astounding facts but every word of it vouched for by those who know. We thought that we had the facts, the whole facts, and nothing but the facts on every person in this institution and in any way connected with it. We wrote up these startling things as truthfully as possible and gaily sent them down the street to the Register office, hoping against hope that nothing would go wrong and that just at the scheduled time this sheet would appear on the campus with all the valuable information which it contains. We knew that it could hardly be expected to be on time but still we hoped for the best and anxiously waited the moment when the students should read of the unknown events that had been happening in their midst. We knew that we had told something about every ine in college. At least we thought we did.

And then at the last moment we made a terrible discovery! We had left out someone. There was one person yet in college, a person with a past, and a person who does marvelous things in most unbelievable ways And we had not found out one single thing about him—not even a word! We know that he will be raging mad. When he discovers that he has been overlooked by the Vampus, that his name is not present, he will go on the war-path. And when he starts for a thing he usually gets it. That's what makes us all the more afraid. We are absolutely scared stiff and stark. We don't know what to do. We are asking for your protection. Won't nobody help us? For we have left out Coach Morey from this scandal issue and we are afraid he will be—sore, SORE.

Origin of "Neckin"

Father East Wind Story

(Copyleft 2519 by Youranother Kakepusher)

Once upon a time, m ydears, many years ago and far away in the north country, two little chilIren, yclept Edic and hilda set out from their home to seek the infant turtledove, a mythical relative of the Dodo. For days and days they wandered, following always the elusive trail that can be found only by two loving souls in unison. Warmth they had none save that from their own two bodies. At last one bitter, bitter night they founl themselves in an isolated portion of the Neckin woods. Their case was desperate. To save themselves from perishing chilblains of the sould and heart longing they wrapped themselves close in each others arms, mummuring sweet enedarments th ewhile to counteract the frosty air. But alas, my dears, it was all in vain They perished. The next morning kind woodcutters found them coll in death but still united. The sorrowing natives built temples in the groves to their memory all over the world and called them all in loving remembrance. "Neckin in the Woods" the shrines of all youths and maidens such as Eric and Hilda to this day, and known affectionately to them as "Dear old Neckin."

OUR Social Refrigerator

Miss "Pat" Covert, one of Middlebury's younger set, announces the opening, on Monday of this week, of "The Covert School of Esthetic Dancing."

Mr. Foster R. Clement, Jr., the noted Bariton of the Wekansing Opera Company, who has just completed a concert tour through the African Jungle is spending a few days at Hepburn Manor. Mr. Clement wishes to announce that all interviews will be taken care of by his secretary, Mr. Posnor.

The keen competitio nfor the hand of Miss Annie Belisle, who made her debut at Calvi's thsi winter, has finally ended, Prince Bozzac of Iceland having won. The other six suitrs, whose names we are obliged to withold, have entered a monastary, the Freshman Frolic being their social function.

At a recent skiing contest held at the Chipman Country Club, Mr. Bprrage the noted Greek philosopher, beat Mr. Harrington, who is a well-known authority on the whys and wherefores of mothballs, by one-eighth of an nich.

The Choral Society of Hillside will present an Operetta this Saturday evening entitled, "We do not Draw Shades in our Parlor." Buy your tickets early. Parties of more than four will receive special attention.

The bear that Mr. Charles Adams shot on a fishing trip is now being worn by Mr. Paul Waldo.

The Misses Marjorie and Polly Cross gave a Dinner-Bridge Monday. It was held over the Otter.

Miss Mary Fletcher has just published a book entitled, "Don't Hesitate, Radiate."

The weekly meeting of the Men's Mending Club was held at the Chi Psi Ladge, Tuesday. The chief topic under discussion was, "Do the Chicago White Sox wear garters?"

Mr. William C. Brown, a member of the Don't Kum Early fraternity, entertained the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church with a vocal selection entitled, "A Smile will go a Long, LONG way."

Mr. Halbert Phillips left yesterday for the Isle of Sicily in search of a much needed rest.

The Misses Margaret and Ruth Sturtevant have completed almost half of their venturesome hike to Mntreal.

TODAY'S RADIO PROGRAM

Broadcasting Station WEEP, Muddlebury College, Muddlebury, Vermont.

11:55 a. m. Time signals-broadcast under the personal direction of Professor Weiner.

12:30 p. m. Last minute news items—Muddlebury Vampus in connection with the Associated Press.

1:00 p. m. Dinner music by the Hepburn Commons Frosh quartet.

2:00 p. m. Sparsity Hockeh Game—Muddlebury vs. Vermont. The game will be followed play by play and reported by Lord Chesterfield Harrassed, sporting editor of the Vampus.

3:30 p. m. Afternoon Musical Program—Mlle. Salee Poussin in recital.

1. Opera Selection (Most Russian) by Bamboo Bloski, "When the Thong On the Snowshoe Broke."
2. Kazoo Solo in B Minor —Sir Herbert Hearyston, "Shuffle Along Jimmy."
3. Overture from Whittiers "Snowbound. "The Keylady's Farewell," Arr. by request.

7:00 p. m. Bedtime story (Courtesy Blue Baboon) told by Adrien Leiby, "How Willie Skunk Tore His Pants."

7:30 p. m. Basketball Match, Faculty vs. Marble Cutters' Union No. 1.

8:00 p. m. "He Who Gets Flunked," a play in two acts by J. Audrey Clark. Presented by the entire Student Body. Broadcast under the the supervision of the Registrar.

THE CAST

"He"—William Brown
A circus Rider—Donald Frederickson
A minister (not prime)—Reg. Eastman
Clowns—Aloys Pasha
—J. Stuart Gurrel
—Courtland Whitney
Frenzied Mob, Soldiers, Policemen and Tramps—Student Body

Act I

Scene: The McCullough Gym. during exam week.

Act II

Scene: Meetings of the Administration Board in Prexy's Office.
Time: One week later.

10:00 p. m. Dance music. Cy Hamlin and his Hilarity Hounds broadcasting from the foyer of the Painted Hall Hotel.

A special dispatch from the French Embassy at Washington, states that Lloyd R. Wheeler, '24, was seriously damaged when a mob of American students attempted to storm a French Burlesque show in the city of Bordeaux.

A wire sent from the northern region of Vermont stated that they were thinking seriously of continuing to Alaska and opening a beauty parlor for the Eskimos.

Mr. Robert Herrick is giving lessons in Elecution at the Delta Upsilon House.

Master Laurence Rice was kidnapped the other day and is being held for Ransom.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Simmons Bed company, Mrs. Robert Pfluger gave a short address upon the much discussed topic, "Is a snore an inate or an acquired characteristic."

At a recent meeting of the International Society of Scientific Research a very unusual case was presented for investigation. It seems that while bathing in the Great Salt Lake this summer, Miss Aldura Hatch, caught a fresh water eel. This phenomena has caused great disturbance in scientific circles and it is rumored that many men, including Thomas Edeion and Henry Ford believe that it bespeaks a hastening coming of the end of the world.

EX-CHAPLIN MOODY DELIVERS ORATION BEFORE 9 PATRIOTS

Auditorium of Soldiers' and Sailors' Club Packed

Braving the icy blasts of a regular Vermont blizzard last Saturday night a patriotic throng of nine townspeople and two faculty members packed the aulitorium of the magnificent edifice erected in memory of Middlebury war veterans, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club House on Park street, to hear their distinguished son, Ex-Chaplain Paul Dwight Moody now president of the little college after which the town was named deliver a stirring aldress on "When I Was In France."

The famous preacher, author, teacher, and Hale graduate, was introduced to the acclaiming throng by a contemporary notable, Commandant Edwin Bigelow of the Middlebury Post of the Salvation Army. After acknowledging with due molesty the glowing bit of oratorical effervesence on the part of the chairman, Ex-Chaplain Moody paid tribute to the sterling qualities of his opponents in the late war, the late Huns. Following this he launched into a highly impassioned laudation of his step-fatherland, France—the home of Paree and Monte Carlo. He said in part:

"When I was in France there wasn't very much doing as the country was rather hampered in its opportunity to offer entertainment due to the war. One lookel in vain for some chic femme with which to get a date. I often said that some day after things settled down I'd give France another break to strut her stuff.

"When I was in France I was rather appalled at the remarkable cheapness with which one is able to exist. I marvelled at the way in which the Middlebury Supply company charged me for my suits and shoes. My cognac and Creme de Menthe was so inestimably better and more powerful than that Charlie Rich manages to procure for me.

"My friends: never will I be able to efface from my soft memory the experiences which were mine—all mine, every month, every week, every day—when, while I was in France it was my privilege to serve—coffe and doughnuts!"

Rumor Says That Drift Cover Three Professors

(Continued from page one)

tensity to such an extent that it stunned the prowlers and they fell to the ground. The snow-storm which had raged throughout the evening apparently grew worse at that time and it did not take long for the flakes which were six inches in diameter to cover up the bodies of the men. Ever since the Vampus Reporter made the startling disclosure of this fact on Sunday a large crew of freshmen, woring under the direction of Chief Snow Shoveler William Farrell, have labored night and day digging away the snow. It is expected that a warm sun and favorable conditions may make it possible for them to reach the bottom by Wednesday night. Until then the identity of the villains who ho dastradly attempted to invade the canctitv of Miss Bowles' boudoir will not be definitely known, although certain members of the factulty who have been missing since last week are strongly suspected. As this issue of the Vampus goes to press it is estimated that it will be at least 10 hours before the snow-drift is entirely shoveled away.

D. Haydn Parry recently insured "Three Live Ghosts" in three minutes.

Innovation Voted for Chapel Services

At a meeting of the faculty last night the motion was unanimously moved that radical changes must be affected at once with regard to present student conduct at Chapel.

Several commendable ideas, amendments, and adjustments were disigned and discussed by the group, foremost of which was the motion regarding the adjournment of Freshmen. According to an official statement given to Dean Wiley this morning by President Moody the choir faculty, and upper classmen will hereafter be requested to rise and stand at attention while the Freshmen make their exit, at daily chapel and Sunday Vespers.

Another vital point urged was that a checking system should be introduced whereby all students, when entering chapel for religious purposes will be given an opportunity to check and leave any apparel not useful during the exercises. (This does not include coats). Upon entering for Vesper worship on Sunlays sanitary Middlebury pillows will be provided at moderate rental prices.

Starting next Sunday and continuing until further notice, in addition to the regular ceremonies, full news stand opportunities will be offered. Captain Fritz Wiener has already been engaged to pedlle in the aisles during the services all the Boston and New York Sunday papers including Wall paper section.

With the added modern improvements the faculty expect to provide opportunity for gaining the entire attention of the entire student body.

THE Enquiring Reporter

Today's questions: Should Middlebury Women Smoke?

Where asked: We'd rather not say. When: You'd be surprised.

Paul D. Moody, Conductor on the C. H. A. P. E. L. Line, "Well now of course when I was in France during the war I saw a great many ladies smoking. But I do not believe in it as a habit for college women; for it isn't proper and lady-like; yet at the same time I don't see anything wrong with it and I think it's just as proper and lady-like for them to smoke as it is for men."

Miss Ruth Temple, Moral Custodian of the women: "Personally I don't seen any reason why any of our women should get so hot that they would want to smoke with such a cool inviborating climate."

Edgar J. Wiley, Position Unknown: "I'll be very glad to take this matter up with the Administration Committee and then I can tell you what I think about women smoking."

Jennie H. Bristol, In charge of seating arrangements at Mead Chapel: "Really, all I can di is smile at your question."

Porter G. Perrin, Director of Vacuoinan, "D—n it all, what the h—l do I care whether they smoke or not."

Vernon C. Harrington, Philosopher, "Well now..let..me..see..What..shall ..we..say..about..this..matter. Let.. us..sort..of look..the thing..over from all angles.....

William H. Farrell, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, "Eh? What's that you asked? Waal, now I don't give a durn what them women burn 's long as they don't go setting nothin' afire one o' these cold nights."

Samuel E. Longwell, Life Guard in the Frog Natatorium: "Whassat? Wassat you said? Women smoking? Well, I don't know about that! The structure of their pulmonary organ won't hardly permit it. But I guess its allright as long as Mrs. Longwell don't hear about it."

CROSS-WORD TEAM SCORES EASY WIN

Vermont Falls Before Scathing Verbal Barrage of Blue Word Hounds

The Middlebury cross-word puzzle team scored a complete triumph in the first match of the season last night when the Blue spellers, so ably coached

by Professor Vernon C. Harrington, showed marked superior in every quarter of the puzzle and won both horizontally and vertically over the Yellow and Green of the University of Vermont.

The Addison county lads drew first blood when ten seconds after the opening whistle blew they chalked up "women" for number 1 horizontal, a word in five letters meaning "the cause for broken hearts and pocketbooks among male students." Captain Barnyell retaliated half a minute later when a line plunge took him into the final square of a five letter word meaning "why students leave college." The solution was "exams." From then on the letters flew thick and fast, first one team caging a word and then the other. At the end of the half Middlebury held the lead 23 to 17 horizontally and 31 to 25 vertically. After the opening of the second session, the lead of Harrington's men steadily grew and the final result was never in doubt.

The work of Captain R. Jay Ely, playing at right horizontal for Middlebury was the feature of the match. Time after time, Ely would crash through with the exact word that was wanted just in time to snatch it from the grasp of his opponents. The throng which sat on the sidelines and in the galleries went wild with excitement, shouting "Block that word," "Get that unkeyed letter," and "Watch number 13 vertical."

The match came to a thrilling close when Hazen, playing left vertical, completed number 79, a ten-letter word defined as "state champs." Hazen's winning solution, of course, was "Middlebury." The final score was 54 to 29 vertically and 50 to 33 horizontally.

Lineup and summary:

Middlebury		Vermont
Ely, '25 (capt)	rh	Farms?
Crawford, '28	lh	Barnyell? (capt)
Stoughton, '27	rv	Hootch?
Hazen, '26	lv	Playword?

Referee: Keady; Umpire, Morey.

Watchman Klevenow Overpowered by Prof. Hathaway

In spite of the almost superhuman eflorts of Business Manager Fritz to keep funds of the college from being used for other than strictly educational purposes, cases of grave scandal have come to the attention of the authorities recently. Last Saturday while night-watchman Klevenow was making his rounds he was startled by a light in the library. Going to investigate, Mr. Klevenow came upon Prof. Lewis Hathaway, his pockets bulging with electric light bulbs. He was standing on a chair in a really compromising attitude endeavoring to add another Mazda to his store. Mr. Klevenow attacked immediately, but was easily overpowered by the thief who made his escape on wings of song through the skylight. Klevenow will recover.

Another case of the misuse of college property was made public yesterday. It had come to the attention of inspector Shaw that large shipments of bottles were arriving in Middlebury, via the New York Central, and fearing illigitimate rum operations in the district, he followed one shipment and saw it delivered to the chemistry building. Naturally suspicious, Detective Shaw, disguised as a glass of beer, and making a noise like a pretzel, started up through the mazes of the chemistry building. Near the top he was attracted by a peculiar odor, reminding him of his childhood, and his first sicknessess. Bursting the door of Prof. Scott's private laboratory, he discovered the professor in the act of manufacturing some of that product known to trade as Scotts Emulsion. The Professor was arrested for the illegal use of college property in this manufacture, and later investigation brought out that he was the originator of the Emulsion. Since his employment by the college he had been manufacturing here in Middlebury where his expenses were almost nothing. It is not known we go to press whether the professor will be taken to the village lockup, or will be taken to the state institution at Weybridge. Latest rumors seem to indicate that he will be pardoned by Pres. Moody himself.

Prof. Abbott Has an Article in "Melican"

By persisting inquiries, a Vampus reporter was able to pry the admission from the unwilling lips of Prof. Charles Francis Abbott, political science wizarl, that he has just had an article accepted by the Melican magazine for a forthcoming issue. When pressed for further information he disclosed the fact that it will be called: "How I Made My First Million by Secure Investments."

Thrusting one thumb in the armhole of his vest, while he toyed with the goldpiece on his watch chain with his other hand, and squinting reminiscently, Prof. Abbott summed up his journalistic masterpiece. He said in part:

"The idea has been in my mind for some time to help the struggling thousands to make their fortunes as easily as I have made mine. The plan took shape when I was paying office rent in Denver. I determined to conserve on suits. Since then I have had all my suits reinforced with Durham Durable Deck Canvas."

Here he sowed the awestricken reporter how by turning his coat and trousers inside out as soon as his classes are over and putting all wear and tear on the lining he is able to keep that freshly tailored appearance for his laily appearance in the classroom.

ADAM'S APPLE HAS BOTHERED HOWARD

Pedagogue Decides to Copy Abbott and Adopt Winged Collars for Exclusive Use

Many people suffer mentally and physically without ever letting on what agony they are enduring. Such has been the brave front assumed by Prof. Frank E. Howard, the college clairvoyant, for many years. Indeed the story would have never been brought before a breathless and sympathetic public if a Vampus feature writer hadn't discovered Prof. Howard huddled in a deserted corner of the new French Chateau sobbing disconsolately.

Upon being bucked up by a polar pie he was able to pour out his enthralling tale of woe. His whole trouble has been the unfrotunate growth in the neck ascribed to the tempting of Father Adam. It seems that he found his Adam's apple developing with alarming prominence and much to his discomfort. His collars became so tight that he could taste cider every time he swallowed. He tried all sorts of remedies but without success. In desperation he inserted elastic bands in the place of a button in his collar. This, however, had the unpleasant result of conracting and expanding like an accordian whenever he attempted to speak. His will was shattered by the added mental strain of reading the exam papers. Since the reporter tactfully suggested a winged collar Prof. Howard has picked up again and will soon be himself. He is elated at the idea and says:

"The very thing! Now I can have a shelf on which to rest that vestigial organ. I'll go right over and get a few pointers on the care and upkeep of winged collars from Charlie Abbott."

Wringing his hand in heartfelt sympathy the reported departed.

PROF. BURRAGE IS STRUCK BY FORD OF PROF. J. S. KINGSLEY

Doctor Ross Predicts Early Recovery for Victim

William Sargent Burrage, Ph. D., A. B., A. M., Phi Beta Kappa, and Professor of Greek at Middlebury College is slowly recovering fro injuries received a week ago next Saturday when Julius Stanton Kingsley ran him down with his Ford automobile. Burrage, Kingsley, and various witnesses will not agree as to where the accident occurred. Burrage while taking his biennial exercise was on his way to Chipman Hill Ski jump wearing a pear of twenty foot Southland skiis. He states that he was making rapid progress when he heard the roar of a Ford motor behind him. Kingsley states that he sounded his klaxon repeatedly to no avail. Burrage denounced his statement to the effect that no sound was audible save the high powered motor. Burrage, who is one of Middlebury's efficient track men and accomplished ski jumpers at once took a combination of a Telmark turn and a high hurdle to the left. Kingsley became excited, turned to the right but slewed to the left. Burrage's right leg and ski became twisted in his left ski pole, accidentally stepping on his other ski with the other foot breaking the other harness. In the meantime Kingsley had slewed to the right and re-slewed to the left and at this point encountered Burrage headon, driving him several feet into a snow-drift. The northwest wheel of the automobile became caught in Burrage's ski, stalling the car. Kingsley leaped to the ground and was obliged to dig several feet into the bank to secure a hold of the buried prostrate form.

Meanwhile a large crowd gathered. Doctor Eddy arrived on the scene with his Ford tractor-attachment and rendered first aid and an artificial respiration. He had set several bones and put on a knee cap, which Kingsley had knocked off, before Burrage regained consciousness, at which time he was rushed to the Porter Hospital. The local policeman experienced difficulty in controlling the crowd. They removed Kingsley's 1924 license plate which bears the Vermont registration number 1492. He was at once summaned to court, but having an examination scheduled for C. C. was released with a $1.50 bail.

Professor Burrage, who is suffering from local pains in the brain, abdominal disorders, T. B., mental constipation, linguist ailments, nervous reaction, insomnia, and neurasthenialac irritation, is assured a quick recovery by Doctor Ross.

Henry Eddy, '23, was recently named third assistant bootblack to the Prince of Wales.

Evening Clothes

FOR THE WELL DRESSED MAN

We have a fine assortment of

Pajamas

PINK AND BLUE

—

Clayton M. Hanks

Ready To-Roll Hosiery

ALL SHAPES

FITTED WHILE YOU WAIT

CUSHMAN

Bring Your Trousers Here To Be Scorched

NO RESEATS GIVEN

NECY DORION

Dean Wiley Exhausted From Spree in Montreal

(Continued from page one)

state of maudlin hilarity pitiful to behold. From Rouses Point to Montreal he was the life of the smoking car, easily winning the contest for the greatest number of stogies smoked and keeping the car in a constant uproar as he clogged up and down the aisle telling anecdotes from "Whiz-Bang" and "La Vie Parisienne." During the last few miles he became exceedingly confidential with two men who would have excited suspicions in any one less gullible than the Dean at that advanced stage. He left the train at Montreal in their company and from then on the story is almost a blank. Strive as he will the Dean can tell no connected tale of that night's woes. H ehas a faint recollection of a card table, of wine, women and son. He thinks he had some kind of an affair with a chorus girl named Flora, but is not sure. Finally it appears the Golden Rule money gave out and Dean Wiley found himself shortly after midnight, alone, broke and friendless on the tsreets of a foreign city. He attempted to get employment at various all night resorts but having nothing more practical than a Harvard course in Vocational Work to guide him could find nothing that would bring in the cash. At one cheap place indeed he was offered the position of tending the spiggot, but upon his inquiring how one worked a complicated machine like that was unceremoniously thrown into the alley. His movements from then on are a complete blank but he was seen at about four o'clock Saturday morning standing on the northern slope of Mt. Royal waiting to see the sunset for which the city is famous. According to the police sargeant who finally ran him in he broke down completely when the sun perversely rose in the east instead of setting. He thereupou threw his arms around a nearby garbage can and sobbed, "It's all a fake—a fake. They think they can gyp me because Im from Vermont but I'm no hic-hic-hick. I'm the Dean of Misshibulry."

Inquiries at that stage of intoxication could illicit no satisfactory information, but after several hours deep sleep, the police were able to obtain his name and address. Though they doubted his word as to his official status at Middlebury telegrams were sent here on the faint hope of getting rid of him. Earl replies were most discouraging: "Good Riddance"—Mrs. Wiley. "Keep Him."—Pres. Moody. Things indeed looked bad for the Dean but he resolved to make one more desperate effort and sent a telegram to Mother Mason. Relying on her weakness for helping the under dog. His appeal, "Don't nobobdy love me?—Edgar." Touched her tender heart and she immediately pawned the Christmas decorations of the small trees in front of Hepburn and forwarded the money to police headquarters in Montreal. As she explained to Mrs. Wiley when accused of trying to unite a husband and an unwilling wife. "I couldn't help it—he's so helpless, and he's not really bad."

The Dean arrived at Middlebury Monday afternoon and after President Moody went bail for him on a charge of desertion served by Charlie Shaw he went immediately to bed and stayed there.

The child will recover.

A letter of commendation from the president, and the congressional medal for meritorious service was bestowed recently on Edgar T. Austin, '24, for his heroic bravery in thwarting a gang of mail robbers. The train on which Austin is mail clerk, was held up at Lake Louise in the Rockies. Single handed Austin shot three and captured alive the other two bandits.

LET ME SHAVE YOU.

It,s no skin off my chin!

J. BOULIA

Under the Addison

Prof. Skillings Scoffs at Literary Training

(Continued from page one)

velop the few rather than the many she would be something more than a beloved fossil. Varsity sports is what we need and more of them. Middlebury teams should make more and longer trips. Vermont goes to the middlewest; shall we let our old rival beat us? Let us go to the Golden Gate. I personally as in favor of unlimited cuts for participants in major sports, this idea of petty restrictions on their development is childishness. Particularly I advocate the redistribution of the college budget to afford more money for athletics even if it necessitates the abandonment of the departments of Latin and Greek, as well as the modern language schools which are realy only antiquated relics of the dark ages. Hereafter I will devote one-half of my freshmen course in English to the study of athletic rule books which as gems of pure and concise English far surpass Thomas Hardy and such men. Young men, I have spent the greater part of my life trying to instill into Middlebury the spirit that is so convincingly shown here tonight. In my youthI devoted myself to books and gained a Phi Beta Kappa key. I cherrish it now upon abdomen as an example to youth (shows it to crowd) but much as is my affection for it I love the old college more. Tomorrow it will no longer add dignity to my mien but uncle Sammy at the sign of the three golden balls shall have it, and the gymnasium fund shall be the richer for its passing."

Annual Waubanaukee-Sage-Delta Tau Formal Coming

The anuual Waubanaukee—Sage—Delta Tau formal dance is slated to come off next Saturday evening in the Hepburn Commons attic at quarter past the hour of seven. At this time the Vampus dares not predict the outcome although whatever it may be the contest is sure to be a stiff one. Each of the three gangs are detrmined to win and will stop short of nothing to bring home the bacon. Although outnumbered by the Delta Taus, the Waubanaukees are considered dangerous because of their tomahawks. On the other hand the local grindstone has been busy this week putting an edge on the D-T daggers. The Sages, running true to form ,will substitute wit for force. They already claim to have the key to the entire situation and are planning to take the others by surprise. The contest is bound to be gruelling, in fact so much so, that those co-eds who are privileged to witness the melee have been hardening their consciences by daily visits to the local slaughterhouse. The chaperones will wear full armor. The attic will be decorated in a color scheme of black and blue.

We Have Booted and Socked Many a College Man

Let us do the same to you.

FAY A. EVANS

What Can We Do For You?

Come in and give us a chance

George N Shambo

KEEP THAT SLIM, BOYISH FORM

We have the goods.

THE GREY SHOP

E. E. ROSS

WALL PAPER and WRITING PAPER
BLOTTING PAPER and
CREPE PAPER

AINES VARIETY SHOP

Registrar Victim of Kidnapping

(Continued from page one)

the voyage started. We drifted for about 5 minutes when the canoe came to a halt. The bag was removed from my head. We seemed to be i na cellar. Then I fainted and what took place the next three days I know not. Coming to on the third day I felt hungry and my head. We seemed to be in a cellar. and guarded by a crotchety old woman with a hair lip. She told me that I must write a note to the treasurer of the co lege to demand two million dollars ransom. When I returned she told me that I could live but till midnight the next night. Oh how slowly the time went; and then I was worried about the students marks. They might be kept waiting for them. It was just five minutes before midnight. I had just five minutes to live. There came a loud crashing at the door of the cellar. In crashed a man, he smote the old woman on the head and seized me in his arms. It was Gardner Williams! He muttered in a hoarse but thankful whisper, "I'm in time, thank God."

We rsuhed thru the door. Before us was swirling black water. Into it he hurled himself with me in his arms. Oh, it was cold, dreadfully cold. That is all I remember.

And when Miss Bristol had related this story she sank gently back on her pillow and smiled.

Williams who had conducted an independent search had solved the whole plot. He had traced the beautiful young registrar to the cellar under Pease' Furniture store. Finding no other mode of entrance, he jumped from the Battell Bridge into the icy waters of Otter Creek and swam under the building. Aside from a severe case of exposure, Prof. Williams is none the worse for this heroic rescue. He will no doubt receive a Carnegie medal!

Murray's Morgue

WEEK OF FEBRUARY 4

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4

Bebee Daniels and Ernest Torrence in

"THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"

A Zane Grey tale of the wild and wooly regions.

Pathe News

2 OPENINGS—7:10 and 8:30 Expense 20c

THURSDAY, FEB. 5

Lon Chaney in

"HE WHO G TS SLAPPED"

A dialy, dazzling tale of the circus.

Comedy

2 Disclosures—7:10 and 8:40

Entrance requirements 2 bits and a nickle

FRIDAY, FEB. 6

Dicken's

"TALE OF TWO CITIES"

Benefit Harriman's Infants of M. H. S.

2 Chukkers—7:10 and 8:30

Tariff 30c and 20c

SATURDAY, FEB. 7

Shirley Mason in

"THAT FRENCH LADY"

Drama and Comedy united in one.

News and Comedy

2 Wheezes 7:10 and 8:30

Keeper's Charge 20c

TUESDAY, FEB. 10

Special Cast in

"FEET OF CLAY"

A tale not of pedal extremities.

2 Bargains—7:00 and 8:40

Cover Charge 30c

SPOIL THAT HOUSE PARTY

BY HAVING

MONK'S MUSICAL MANIACS

WE PAY YOU FOR THE PRIVILEGE

NO ENGAGEMENTS ACCEPTED

INQUIRE

"Monk, the Maniac"

S. P. I. House.

Classified Ads

WANTED—Students to take my course in Fife playing. Guaranteed success in five lessons. Be popular. Make the social grade by entertaining your friends when they call. Prof. Lewis J. Hathaway.

FOUND—A new Coon-skin fur coat in passing fair condition. Owner may have same by identifying moth holes under arm-pits and paying for this advertisement. Wilfred E. Davison, 15 Elm Street.

STOLEN—Late 1907 model Overland Touring car. Equipped with flat tires and unaccountable rims. License number 1492. Reward if returned in running condition to owner who values it for sentimental reasons. Prof. Raymond Henry White, College St.

WILL SEUL AT A SACRIFICE—One slightly worn all wool Sears, Roebuck mackinaw, size 28. Reason for selling, owner has purchased new garment. Colonel Edwin Bigelow.

PERSONAL—Edgar, please come home. Baby is well and all will be forgiven.—Pruda.

NOTICE—From this day forth I will no longer assume responsibility for debts incurred by my wife Katherine, she having left my bed and board. Luther I. Bonney.

CLAIRVOYANT—Are you suffering from a complex? Do you dream at night? There is vital significance in these revelations. Come and let me interpret them for you. Private seances on request. Rates reasonable No rough methods used. Frank E. Howard.

SITUATION WANTED—Male. A bright and energetic younm man desires position as actor. Pleasin personality. Experienced in Shakespearian roles having played part of porter in Macbeth. Frank W. Cady, Box 13.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD—Will be offered for information leading to the apprehension and arrest of the culprits who stole a chocolate cake from the pantry of the Maison Francaise. Address M. C. D., Box 23, Battell Cottage.

LADY—Of high academic character desires position as nursemaid. Speaks seven different languages including the Scandanavian. Would like to travel in Europe or Hoboken. No washing. Address, Miss Ruth Temple.

IF THE PERSON who stole or otherwise relieved me of my Parisien Powder Puff last Saturday at the Opera will return same, no questions will be asked. Miss Naomi Price, Box CAR.

DOG LOVERS Attention! Leave your canine pets in my possession when you go south. Kind an intelligent care. Each animal will receive my personal attention. The Longwell Kennels, S. E. Longwell, Prop.

MAIDEN LADY—Worth $60,000 is lonely, oh so lonely. Desires to correspond with eligible gentlemen. Photo on request. Strictly confidential. Marion H. Studley, 3½ F St.

GIRLS—You too can become beautiful. Write me today for the secret of my success. I will send you sample tube of Jackson's Mud Cream for a two-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing and packing. Miss Helen Blanchard, P. O. Box 13.

CITIZENS OF ADDISON CO.—I am running on the Democratic-Prohibition Ticket for town dog-catcher and would appreciate your support. If elected, I pledge my support to your devotion and service. Vote for a man who stands on a record of high achievement and integrity. Allen M. Kline. Pol. Adv.

Miss Wilma Walsh, '24, has entered a Convent in Hong Kong, China, where she will spend ten years in the study of the Oriental Fire Worship.

YES, WE NOW HAVE SOME

Valentines

ALL SIZES, SHAPES and PRICES

SEE US BEFORE BUYING

THE WRECKS-ALLE STORE

GIRLS, WE HAVE THEM

THOSE MILANO PIPES

Just the things to smoke in your room.

FOR THE MEN

OUR BONBONS

Are Unexcelled.

CALVI'S

FOR

QUALITY

We've Got 'Em

SNOW SHOE BOOTS

AND

SKI MOCCASINS

The Emporium

B. W. WARREN, PROPRIETOR

Bring In Your Face

And we will make a photo to suit. Guaranteed to improve your beauty 100%.

Gove's Art Gallery

"You Pay to Climb"

Eat Here and You'll Never Eat Anywhere Else

Our Meat is Your Poison

Middlebury Restaurant and Sweet Shop

IF WE HAVEN'T GOT WHAT YOU WANT

We've got something that will do as well. Ask for it.

C. F. RICH, 61 Main Street

Why Pay Less

anywhere else when you can get it for more at

DYER'S

WHY CUT YOURSELF SHAVING AT HOME?

Come in and let me do it for you.

JERRY TRUDO

SHOES FOR COLLEGE WOMEN

OUR SPECIALTY

Sizes 7 to 11

CARRIED IN STOCK

J. F. NOVAK

YOUR NEW FURNITURE

Can be made to look like the vintage of 1620. Give us a chance to wreck it.

Duncan's Antique Shop